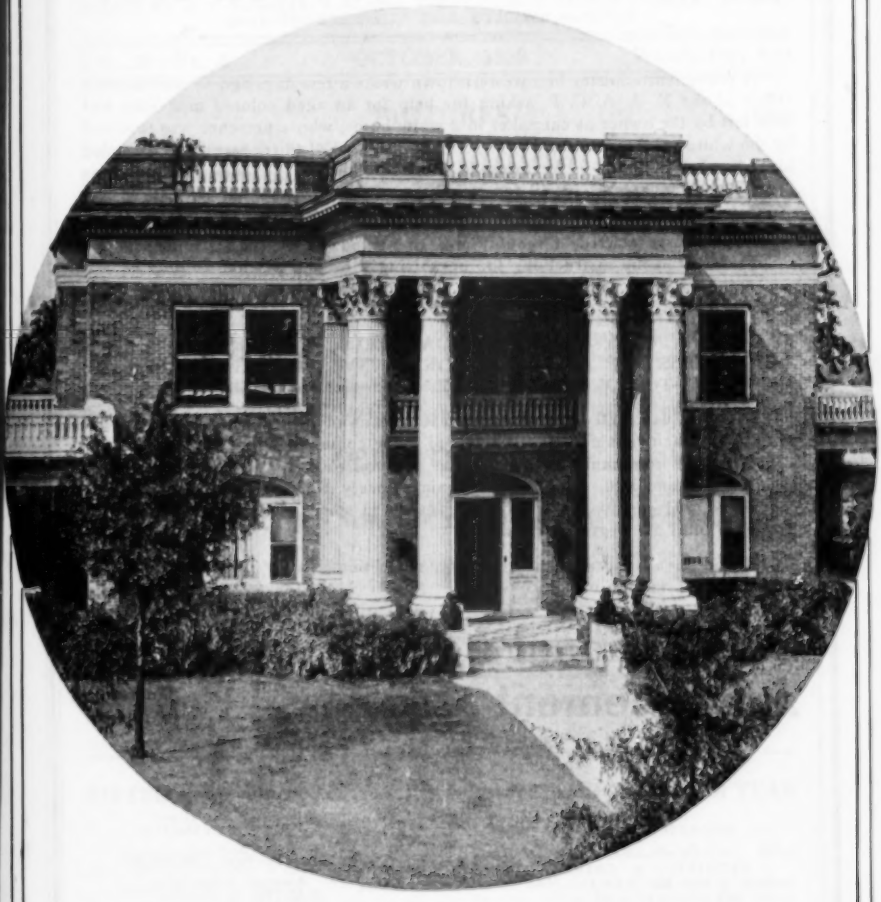
The CRISIS

Vol. 20—No. 6 OCTOBER, 1920 Whole No. 120



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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, AT 70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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THE NOVEMBER CRISIS

The November CRISIS will celebrate our Tenth Anniversary. The Christmas CRISIS in colors will outdo its beautiful predecessors.

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 20. No. 6 OCTOBER, 1920 Whole No. 120

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

TRIUMPH

AT last the work of Susan B. Anthony and Frederick Douglass is crowned. From this day on in the United States a grown human being has the right to a voice in his own government, even if he is a woman.

Who oppose Woman Suffrage? With but few exceptions those states which oppose the abolition of child labor, the raising of the age of consent and universal education; those which advocate and practice lynching, mob violence and government by minority. These states are:

Alabama	Virginia
Georgia	Maryland
Mississippi	Delaware
South Carolina	North Carolina
Louisiana	

How slowly the world moves in the commonest matters of elementary righteousness. To think that we had to wait until 1920 for Woman Suffrage and then got it by two votes! Yet in this very fact lies hope for us: A civilization that required nineteen centuries to recognize the Rights of Women can confidently be expected some day to abolish the Color Line.

HAITI

THE N. A. A. C. P. has begun its campaign for the freedom of Haiti. Our Secretary, James Weldon Johnson, and our Publicity Agent, Herbert J. Seligman, have spent six weeks in the Island. Much material has been gathered and now the New York *Nation* has begun its exposé of the seizure of a nation by the National City Bank of Wall Street. If any one has lingering doubts of the way in which this great government has been made the catspaw of thieves, let him read the impudent assertion of Franklin D. Roosevelt:

> "The Republicans are playing a shell game on the American people; they are still busy circulating the story that England has six votes [in the League of Nations] to America's one. It is just the other way. As a matter of fact, the United States has about twelve votes in the Assembly.
>
> "Until last week I had two of them myself, and now Secretary Daniels has them. You know I have had something to do with the running of a couple of little republics. The facts are that I wrote Haiti's Constitution myself."

May the League of Nations be delivered from its fool friends, and may Haiti find New Freedom when the impossible Wilson and his lackeys disappear.

STEAL

WE trust the Negro world has watched with intelligent comprehension the extraordinary conjunction of Church and Steel in recent events. When the Interchurch movement came THE CRISIS was dumb with astonishment. Was it possible that the white followers of Jesus Christ were actually going to forget Infant Damnation and Justification by Faith long enough to work together for education, the abolition of child labor, opposition to race prejudice, co-operation in national missionary effort, social uplift and fair wages? As the survey progressed and the Negro and Africa were included and, too, not in the appendix, it looked as though the

Christian Church was about to be reborn.

Of course, we expected the white southern Baptists to refuse co-operation. They are too much interested in lynching and immersion to heed the call of the black and the poor. But the movement grew and swelled and swept until it struck hard Steel. Until it struck Steal.

Rich holders of steel securities in northern churches were exactly like hirers of black and disfranchised Negro peons in southern churches. "Hands off" is their common cry when you touch "wages and unions" or "the Negro problem". These two things have "nothing to do with religion".

So when the Interchurch movement investigated the Steel strike, where Negroes, underpaid and disfranchised in the South, were induced to "scab" in Pennsylvania and Ohio and break the ranks of Union labor, and when it was proven that Mr. Gary or somebody lied and lied roundly and extensively—this was too much. The Interchurch movement was suddenly found extravagant. First, the perfect Presbyterians withdrew their spotless skirts and then in a weird procession followed criticism, rumor and withdrawal until at last the white Church shrank in horror from this smoking Hell of Steel. Christianity again was crucified. How long, O Lord, how long!

PERSECUTION

THE CRISIS has said nothing concerning the extraordinary persecution of Roscoe Conkling Bruce in Washington. No one can accuse THE CRISIS of being partisan to Mr. Bruce, because it has at times frankly disagreed with him and his policies. But the situation in Washington has gone far beyond all personal consideration and has become a national disgrace—a feud which is doing much to discredit us as a civilized group.

Washington is, because of its political relation to the nation and its own disfranchisement, a city of gossip, full of rumor and incipient hysteria on all subjects, from the president's health to the visitor next door. When, some years ago, the Moens matter arose it was amplified into an attack on all colored teachers. When absolute proof was adduced that the teachers were not involved at all, save in one very doubtful case, suddenly the whole attack veered and like a bolt from the blue hit the colored Superintendent of Public Schools, Mr. Bruce. For two long years Mr. Bruce has been openly accused of nearly every crime in the calendar. He has been flatly insulted, his office picketed and his life made utterly miserable. Mass-meeting has followed mass-meeting and protest has crowded on protest with the one cry: Remove Bruce!

We who stood without, looking on in puzzled amazement, held our comment waiting for the facts. We expected, we feared, a most damning series of revelations, for how else could the hysteria be explained? But public hearings have been held, public speeches made, public accusations printed and in each case Mr. Bruce has conducted himself like a gentleman, with rare poise and perfect courtesy. He has answered his accusers thoughtfully and clearly, and has twice or three times been openly vindicated by judicial bodies which would seem to have had no bias in his favor. Every chance has been given his accusers, and the net sum of the accusations, as far as we can see, amounts to some question here and there as to judgment in planning, courage in policy, determination in action; but there was revealed nothing low, nor criminal nor disgraceful.

One may easily agree that a differently trained man of quick decision, bold generalship and wide vision could have done far more for Washington

colored schools than Mr. Bruce. But the same is true of the white schools, and how long would such a man have held his job? When Senator Blank asks this appointment, or Senator Slick opposes this action, what is a Washington official to do? He may be stubborn and follow Chancellor, or be diplomatic and remain. Bruce was diplomatic. So in other matters was Booker Washington and so today is Lloyd George.

We may disagree with them. We may oppose their policy. We may desire them replaced. But all this is a matter of judgment or ordered, reasonable attack. It does not justify an orgy of abuse and absolutely unbridled and viciously cruel persecution. It is one thing to say that Mr. Bruce has not done as well as another might have done; it is quite another thing to call him an unprincipled scoundrel.

Mr. Bruce's opponents have not proven their case. On the contrary, they have raised him high in the respect of disinterested outsiders. Any man who has survived the persecution to which he has been subjected is no ordinary human being. It is high time, and far past that hour, for colored Washington to turn its energies toward its outer foes and cease this internal and objectless row which has every earmark of personal hate and spiteful malice and which is already being used by our enemies against us.

IN BLACK

IT was in Chicago. John Haynes Holmes was talking.

He said: "I met two children —one as fair as the dawn—the other as beautiful as the night." Then he paused. He had to pause for the audience guffawed in wild merriment. Why?

It was a colored audience. Many of them were black. Some black faces there were as beautiful as the night.

Why did they laugh?

Because the world had taught them to be ashamed of their color.

Because for 500 years men had hated and despised and abused black folk.

And now in strange, inexplicable transposition the rising blacks laugh at themselves in nervous, blatant, furtive merriment.

They laugh because they think they are expected to laugh—because all their poor hunted lives they have heard "black" things laughed at.

Of all the pitiful things of this pitiful race problem, this is the pitifullest. So curious a mental state tends to further subtleties. Colored folk, like all folk, love to see themselves in pictures; but they are afraid to see the types which the white world has caricatured. The whites obviously seldom picture brown and yellow folk, but for five centuries they have exhausted every ingenuity of trick, of ridicule and caricature on black folk: "grinning" Negroes, "happy" Negroes, "gold dust twins", "Aunt Jemimas", "solid" headed tacks—everything and anything to make Negroes ridiculous. As a result if THE CRISIS puts a black face on its cover our 500,000 colored readers do not see the actual picture—they see the caricature that white folks intend when *they* make a black face. In the last few years a thoughtful, clear eyed artist, Frank Walts, has done a number of striking portraits for THE CRISIS. Mainly he has treated black faces; and regularly protests have come to us from various colored sources. His lovely portrait of the bright-eyed boy, Harry Elam, done in thoughtful sympathy, was approved by few Negroes. Our photograph of a woman of Santa Lucia, with its strength and humor and fine swing of head, was laughed at by many.

Why?

"O—er—it was not because they were black," stammer some of my of-

THE OLD CABIN

THE NEW MANSION: RESIDENCE OF J. W. SANFORD, MEMPHIS, TENN.

fice companions, "but they are *too* black. No people were ever so——"

Nonsense! Do white people complain because their pictures are too white? They ought to, but they do not. Neither do we complain if we are photographed a shade "light".

No. It is not that we are ashamed of our color and blood. We are instinctively and almost unconsciously ashamed of the caricatures done of our darker shades. Black *is* caricature in our half conscious thought and we shun in print and paint that which we love in life. How good a dark face looks to us in a strange white city! How the black soldiers, despite their white French sweethearts, yearned for their far-off "brown-skins". A mighty and swelling human consciousness is leading us joyously to embrace the darker world, but we remain afraid of black pictures because they are the cruel reminders of the crimes of Sunday "comics" and "Nigger" minstrels.

Off with these thought-chains and inchoate soul-shrinkings, and let us train ourselves to see beauty in black.

DISFRANCHISEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA

THE Raleigh *News and Courier* of July 29, 1920, is authority for the following clear explanation of the workings of democracy in North Carolina:

"Only such persons are allowed to vote who shall register in accordance with law. Section 4317 provides: 'Only such persons as are registered shall be entitled to vote in any election held under this chapter.'

"Now we come to the crux of the matter. Section 4318 of the Revisal provides: 'Every person presenting himself (or herself) after the passage of the amendment, shall be able to read and write any section of the constitution in the English language, and shall show to the satisfaction of the registrar his ability to read and write any such section when he applies for registration, and before he is registered.'

"It is well known that since the passage of this law, no Negro has been allowed to register, unless the registrar, under the wide discretion given him, permitted him to do so. The registrar can refuse to be satisfied and generally does refuse to be satisfied with a Negro man's ability to read and write the constitution to the registrar's satisfaction when such Negro applies for registration. When the amendment is passed the Negro women will be placed in the same statute as the Negro men. When she applies for registration, she will not be able to satisfy the registrar of her ability to read and write the constitution, certainly not to his 'satisfaction.'"

IN TEXAS

WE note the following facts from the San Antonio *Express*, a white Texas daily:

George S. Matthews has been nominated county judge of Travis County, defeating Dave Pickle, incumbent, by about 600 votes. Matthews is sheriff. Pickle, it will be recalled, was named by John R. Shillady, of New York, as an alleged assailant in this city when the New York man was here in the interest of an organization for the protection of the Negroes. Charles H. Hamby, constable, who was with Pickle at the time of the alleged assault on Shillady, has been defeated for the nomination for sheriff.

In addition to this, Hobby, the truculent Governor, has lost the nomination and the Chief of Police, Jake D. Platt, who stood by and watched the bullies, was suspended from office some weeks ago. L. L. Campbell, the reverend liar whose tale-bearing caused this miserable affair, is still explaining to his colored constituents.

In none of these cases was Texas moral courage strong enough to mention the Shillady incident as a cause of these changes, but it nevertheless played its part.

HOMES

WE are publishing a very few examples of modern American Negro homes. Of all the constituents of our cosmopolitan population, the Negro demands the best homes if we consider relative income. When he begins to rise he insists on a beautiful home: he invades Harlem, Druid Hill, and Hyde Park, and instead of encouragement he meets laws, curses and bombs. But what does he care! He seeks a Home!

THE SLEEPER WAKES

A NOVELETTE IN THREE INSTALLMENTS

JESSIE FAUSET

I-III

AMY when an infant was left in care of a colored family, the Boldins, whom she grew to love, especially her little foster brother Cornelius. She grew up innocent and happy but impulsive and at the age of seventeen suddenly decided to run away to New York City. Here she found work and was received as white. Finally a Greenwich Village artist, Zora Harrisson, took her into her coterie and eventually married her to a wealthy, elderly southern white man, Stuart Wynne. Eventually she resented his treatment of his colored help. Finally, to keep him from seeking to lynch his valet who had struck him, she confessed to her own Negro blood.

IV

AMAZINGLY her beauty availed her nothing. If she had been an older woman, if she had had Zora's age and experience, she would have been able to gauge exactly her influence over Wynne. Though even then in similar circumstances she would have taken the risk and acted in just the same manner. But she was a little bewildered at her utter miscalculation. She had thought he might not want his friends—his world by which he set such store—to know that she was colored, but she had not dreamed it could make any real difference to him. He had chosen her, poor and ignorant, out of a host of women, and had told her countless times of his love. To herself Amy Wynne was in comparison with Zora for instance, stupid and uninteresting. But his constant, unsolicited iterations had made her accept his idea.

She was just the same woman she told herself, she had not changed, she was still beautiful, still charming, still "different" Perhaps that very difference had its being in the fact of her mixed blood. She had been his wife—there were memories—she could not see how he could give her up. The suddenness of the divorce carried her off her feet. Dazedly she left him—though almost without a pang for she had only liked him. She had been perfectly honest about this, and he, although consumed by the fierceness of his emotion toward her, had gradually forced himself to be content, for at least she had never made him jealous.

She was to live in a small house of his in New York, up town in the 80's. Peter was in charge and there were a new maid and a cook. The servants, of course, knew of the separation, but nobody guessed why. She was living on a much smaller basis than the one to which she had become so accustomed in the last three years. But she was very comfortable. She felt, at any rate she manifested, no qualms at receiving alimony from Wynne. That was the way things happened, she supposed when she thought of it at all. Moreover, it seemed to her perfectly in keeping with Wynne's former attitude toward her; she did not see how he could do less. She expected people to be consistent. That was why she was so amazed that he in spite of his oft iterated love, could let her go. If she had felt half the love for him which he had professed for her, she would not have sent him away if he had been a leper.

"Why I'd stay with him," she told herself, "if he were one, even as I feel now."

She was lonely in New York. Perhaps it was the first time in her life that she had felt so. Zora had gone to Paris the first year of her marriage and had not come back.

The days dragged on emptily. One thing helped her. She had gone one day to the modiste from whom she had bought her trousseau. The woman remembered her perfectly—"The lady with the exquisite taste for colors—ah, madame, but you have the rare gift." Amy was grateful to be taken out of her thoughts. She bought one or two daring but altogether lovely creations and let fall a few suggestions:

"That brown frock, Madame,—you say it has been on your hands a long time? Yes? But no wonder. See, instead of that dead

white you should have a shade of ivory, that white cheapens it." Deftly she caught up a bit of ivory satin and worked out her idea. Madame was ravished.

"But yes, Madame Ween is correct,—as always. Oh, what a pity that the Madame is so wealthy. If she were only a poor girl —Mlle. Antoine with the best eye for color in the place has just left, gone back to France to nurse her brother—this World War is of such a horror! If someone like Madame, now, could be found, to take the little Antoine's place!"

Some obscure impulse drove Amy to accept the half proposal: "Oh! I don't know, I have nothing to do just now. My husband is abroad." Wynne had left her with that impression. "I could contribute the money to the Red Cross or to charity."

The work was the best thing in the world for her. It kept her from becoming too introspective, though even then she did more serious, connected thinking than she had done in all the years of her varied life.

She missed Wynne definitely, chiefly as a guiding influence for she had rarely planned even her own amusements. Her dependence on him had been absolute. She used to picture him to herself as he was before the trouble—and his changing expressions as he looked at her, of amusement, interest, pride, a certain little teasing quality that used to come into his eyes, which always made her adopt her "spoiled child air", as he used to call it. It was the way he liked her best. Then last, there was that look he had given her the morning she had told him she was colored—it had depicted so many emotions, various and yet distinct. There were dismay, disbelief, coldness, a final aloofness.

There was another expression, too, that she thought of sometimes—the look on the face of Mr. Packard, Wynne's lawyer. She, herself, had attempted no defense.

"For God's sake why did you tell him, Mrs. Wynne?" Packard asked her. His curiosity got the better of him. "You couldn't have been in love with that yellow rascal," he blurted out. "She's too cold really, to love anybody," he told himself. "If you didn't care about the boy why should you have told?"

She defended herself feebly. "He looked so like little Cornelius Boldin," she replied vaguely, "and he couldn't help being colored." A clerk came in then and Packard said no more. But into his eyes had crept a certain reluctant respect. She remembered the look, but could not define it.

She was so sorry about the trouble now, she wished it had never happened. Still if she had it to repeat she would act in the same way again. "There was nothing else for me to do," she used to tell herself.

But she missed Wynne unbelievably.

If it had not been for Peter, her life would have been almost that of a nun. But Peter, who read the papers and kept abreast of the times, constantly called her attention, with all due respect, to the meetings, the plays, the sights which she ought to attend or see. She was truly grateful to him. She was very kind to all three of the servants. They had the easiest "places" in New York, the maids used to tell their friends. As she never entertained, and frequently dined out, they had a great deal of time off.

She had been separated from Wynne for ten months before she began to make any definite plans for her future. Of course, she could not go on like this always. It came to her suddenly that probably she would go to Paris and live there—why or how she did not know. Only Zora was there and lately she had begun to think that her life was to be like Zora's. They had been amazingly parallel up to this time. Of course she would have to wait until after the war.

She sat musing about it one day in the big sitting-room which she had had fitted over into a luxurious studio. There was a sewing-room off to the side from which Peter used to wheel into the room waxen figures of all colorings and contours so that she could drape the various fabrics about them to be sure of the best results. But today she was working out a scheme for one of Madame's customers, who was of her own color and size and she was her own lay-figure. She sat in front of the huge pier glass, a wonderful soft yellow silk draped about her radiant loveliness.

"I could do some serious work in Paris," she said half aloud to herself. "I suppose if I really wanted to, I could be very successful along this line."

Somewhere downstairs an electric bell buzzed, at first softly, then after a slight pause, louder, and more insistently.

"If Madame sends me that lace today," she was thinking, idly, "I could finish this and start on the pink. I wonder why Peter doesn't answer the bell."

She remembered then that Peter had gone to New Rochelle on business and she had sent Ellen to Altman's to find a certain rare velvet and had allowed Mary to go with her. She would dine out, she told them, so they need not hurry. Evidently she was alone in the house.

Well she could answer the bell. She had done it often enough in the old days at Mrs. Boldin's. Of course it was the lace. She smiled a bit as she went down stairs thinking how surprised the delivery-boy would be to see her arrayed thus early in the afternoon. She hoped he wouldn't go. She could see him through the long, thick panels of glass in the vestibule and front door. He was just turning about as she opened the door.

This was no delivery-boy, this man whose gaze fell on her hungry and avid. This was Wynne. She stood for a second leaning against the door-jamb, a strange figure surely in the sharp November weather. Some leaves — brown, skeleton shapes — rose and swirled unnoticed about her head. A passing letter-carrier looked at them curiously.

"What are you doing answering the door?" Wynne asked her roughly. "Where is Peter? Go in, you'll catch cold."

She was glad to see him. She took him into the drawing room—a wonderful study in browns—and looked at him and looked at him.

"This was no delivery-boy, this man"—

"Well," he asked her, his voice eager in spite of the commonplace words, "are you glad to see me? Tell me what do you do with yourself."

She could not talk fast enough, her eyes clinging to his face. Once it struck her that he had changed in some indefinable way. Was it a slight coarsening of that refined aristocratic aspect? Even in her subconsciousness she denied it.

He had come back to her.

"So I design for Madame when I feel like it, and send the money to the Red Cross and wonder when you are coming back to me." For the first time in their acquaintanceship she was conscious deliberately of trying to attract, to hold him. She put on her spoiled child air which had once been so successful.

"It took you long enough to get here," she pouted. She was certain of him now. His mere presence assured her.

They sat silent a moment, the late November sun bathing her head in an austere glow of chilly gold. As she sat there in the big brown chair she was, in her yellow dress, like some mysterious emanation, some wraith-like aura developed from the tone of her surroundings.

He rose and came toward her, still silent. She grew nervous, and talked incessantly with sudden unusual gestures. "Oh, Stuart, let me give you tea. It's right there in the pantry off the dining-room. I can wheel the table in." She rose, a lovely creature in her yellow robe. He watched her intently.

"Wait," he bade her.

She paused almost on tiptoe, a dainty golden butterfly.

"You are coming back to live with me?" he asked her hoarsely.

For the first time in her life she loved him.

"Of course I am coming back," she told him softly. "Aren't you glad? Haven't you missed me? I didn't see how you *could* stay away. Oh! Stuart, what a wonderful ring!"

For he had slipped on her finger a heavy dull gold band, with an immense sapphire in an oval setting—a beautiful thing of Italian workmanship.

"It is so like you to remember," she told him gratefully. "I love colored stones." She admired it, turning it around and around on her slender finger.

How silent he was, standing there watching her with his sombre yet eager gaze. It made her troubled, uneasy. She cast about for something to say.

"You can't think how I've improved since I saw you, Stuart. I've read all sorts of books—Oh! I'm learned," she smiled at him. "And Stuart," she went a little closer to him, twisting the button on his perfect coat, "I'm so sorry about it all,—about Stephen, that boy you know. I just couldn't help interfering. But when we're married again, if you'll just remember how it hurts me to have you so cross—"

He interrupted her. "I wasn't aware that I spoke of our marrying again," he told her, his voice steady, his blue eyes cold.

She thought he was teasing. "Why you just asked me to. You said 'aren't you coming back to live with me—' "

"Yes," he acquiesced, "I said just that—'to live with me'."

Still she didn't comprehend. "But what do you mean?" she asked bewildered.

"What do you suppose a man means," he returned deliberately, "when he asks a woman to live with him, but not to marry him?"

She sat down heavily in the brown chair, all glowing ivory and yellow against its sombre depths.

"Like the women in those awful novels?" she whispered. "Not like those women!—Oh Stuart! you don't mean it!" Her very heart was numb.

"But you must care a little—" she was amazed at her own depth of feeling. "Why I care—there are all those memories back of us—you must want me really—"

"I do want you", he told her tensely. "I want you damnably. But—well—I might as well out with it—A white man like me simply doesn't marry a colored woman. After all what difference need it make to you? We'll live abroad—you'll travel, have all the things you love. Many a white woman would envy you." He stretched out an eager hand.

She evaded it, holding herself aloof as though his touch were contaminating. Her movement angered him.

Like a rending veil suddenly the veneer of his high polish cracked and the man stood revealed.

"Oh, hell!" he snarled at her roughly. "Why don't you stop posing? What do you think you are anyway? Do you suppose I'd take you, for my wife—what do you think can happen to you? What man of your own race could give you what you

want? You don't suppose I am going to support you this way forever, do you? The court imposed no alimony. You've got to come to it sooner or later—you're bound to fall to some white man. What's the matter—I'm not rich enough?"

Her face flamed at that—"As though it were *that* that mattered!"

He gave her a deadly look. "Well, isn't it? Ah, my girl, you forget you told me you didn't love me when you married me. You sold yourself to me then. Haven't I reason to suppose you are waiting for a higher bidder?"

At these words something in her died forever, her youth, her illusions, her happy, happy blindness. She saw life leering mercilessly in her face. It seemed to her that she would give all her future to stamp out, to kill the contempt in his frosty insolent eyes. In a sudden rush of savagery she struck him, struck him across his hateful sneering mouth with the hand which wore his ring.

As *she* fell, reeling under the fearful impact of his brutal but involuntary blow, her mind caught at, registered two things. A little thin stream of blood was trickling across his chin. She had cut him with the ring, she realized with a certain savage satisfaction. And there was something else which she must remember, which she *would* remember if only she could fight her way out of this dreadful clinging blackness, which was bearing down upon her—closing her in.

When she came to she sat up holding her bruised, aching head in her palms, trying to recall what it was that had impressed her so.

Oh, yes, her very mind ached with the realization. She lay back again on the floor, prone, anything to relieve that intolerable pain. But her memory, her thoughts went on.

"Nigger," he had called her as she fell, "nigger, nigger," and again, "nigger."

"He despised me absolutely," she said to herself wonderingly, "because I was colored. And yet he wanted me."

"She Lay Back Again on the Floor, Prone"

V

Somehow she reached her room. Long after the servants had come in, she lay face downward across her bed, thinking. How she hated Wynne, how she hated herself! And for ten months she had been living off his money although in no way had

she a claim on him. Her whole body burned with the shame of it.

In the morning she rang for Peter. She faced him, white and haggard, but if the man noticed her condition, he made no sign. He was, if possible, more imperturbable than ever.

"Peter," she told him, her eyes and voice very steady, "I am leaving this house today and shall never come back."

"Yes, Miss."

"I shall want you to see to the packing and storing of the goods and to send the keys and the receipts for the jewelry and valuables to Mr. Packard in Baltimore."

"Yes, Miss."

"And, Peter, I am very poor now and shall have no money besides what I can make for myself."

"Yes, Miss."

Would nothing surprise him, she wondered dully. She went on "I don't know whether you knew it or not, Peter, but I am colored, and hereafter I mean to live among my own people. Do you think you could find me a little house or a little cottage not too far from New York?"

He had a little place in New Rochelle, he told her, his manner altering not one whit, or better yet his sister had a four-room house in Orange, with a garden, if he remembered correctly. Yes, he was sure there was a garden. It would be just the thing for Mrs. Wynne.

She had four hundred dollars of her very own which she had earned by designing for Madame. She paid the maids a month in advance—they were to stay as long as Peter needed them. She, herself, went to a small hotel in Twenty-eighth Street, and here Peter came for her at the end of ten days, with the acknowledgement of the keys and receipts from Mr. Packard. Then he accompanied her to Orange and installed her in her new home.

"I wish I could afford to keep you, Peter," she said a little wistfully, "but I am very poor. I am heavily in debt and I must get that off my shoulders at once."

Mrs. Wynne was very kind, he was sure; he could think of no one with whom he would prefer to work. Furthermore, he often ran down from New Rochelle to see his sister; he would come in from time to time, and in the spring would plant the garden if she wished.

She hated to see him go, but she did not dwell long on that. Her only thought was to work and work and work and save until she could pay Wynne back. She had not lived very extravagantly during those ten months and Peter was a perfect manager—in spite of her remonstrances he had given her every month an account of his expenses. She had made arrangements with Madame to be her regular designer. The French woman guessing that more than whim was behind this move drove a very shrewd bargain, but even then the pay was excellent. With care, she told herself, she could be free within two years, three at most.

She lived a dull enough existence now, going to work steadily every morning and getting home late at night. Almost it was like those early days when she had first left Mrs. Boldin, except that now she had no high sense of adventure, no expectation of great things to come, which might buoy her up. She no longer thought of phases and the proper setting for her beauty. Once indeed catching sight of her face late one night in the mirror in her tiny work-room in Orange, she stopped and scanned herself, loathing what she saw there.

"You *thing!*" she said to the image in the glass, "if you hadn't been so vain, so shallow!" And she had struck herself violently again and again across the face until her head ached.

But such fits of passion were rare. She had a curious sense of freedom in these days, a feeling that at last her brain, her senses were liberated from some hateful clinging thralldom. Her thoughts were always busy. She used to go over that last scene with Wynne again and again trying to probe the inscrutable mystery which she felt was at the bottom of the affair. She groped her way toward a solution, but always something stopped her. Her impulse to strike, she realized, and his brutal rejoinder had been actuated by something more than mere sex antagonism, there was *race* antagonism there—two elements clashing. That much she could fathom. But that he despising her, hating her for not being white should yet desire her! It seemed to her that his attitude toward her—hate and yet desire, was the attitude in microcosm of the whole white world toward her own, toward that world to which those few possible strains of black blood so tenuously and yet so tenaciously linked her.

Once she got hold of a big thought. Perhaps there *was* some root, some racial distinction woven in with the stuff of which she was formed which made her persistently kind and unexacting. And perhaps in the same way this difference, helplessly, inevitably operated in making Wynne and his kind, cruel or at best indifferent. Her reading for Wynne reacted to her thought—she remembered the grating insolence of white exploiters in foreign lands, the wrecking of African villages, the destruction of homes in Tasmania. She couldn't imagine where Tasmania was, but wherever it was, it had been the realest thing in the world to its crude inhabitants.

Gradually she reached a decision. There were two divisions of people in the world—on the one hand insatiable desire for power; keenness, mentality; a vast and cruel pride. On the other there was ambition, it is true, but modified, a certain humble sweetness, too much inclination to trust, an unthinking, unswerving loyalty. All the advantages in the world accrued to the first division. But without bitterness she chose the second. She wanted to be colored, she hoped she was colored. She wished even that she did not have to take advantage of her appearance to earn her living. But that was to meet an end. After all she had contracted her debt with a white man, she would pay him with a white man's money.

The years slipped by—four of them. One day a letter came from Mr. Packard. Mrs. Wynne had sent him the last penny of the sum received from Mr. Wynne from February to November, 1914. Mr. Wynne had refused to touch the money, it was and would be indefinitely at Mrs. Wynne's disposal.

She never even answered the letter. Instead she dismissed the whole incident,—Wynne and all,—from her mind and began to plan for her future. She was free, free! She had paid back her sorry debt with labor, money and anguish. From now on she could do as she pleased. Almost she caught herself saying "something is going to happen." But she checked herself, she hated her old attitude.

But something *was* happening. Insensibly from the moment she knew of her deliverance, her thoughts turned back to a stifled hidden longing, which had lain, it seemed to her, an eternity in her heart. Those days with Mrs. Boldin! At night,—on her way to New York,—in the workrooms,—her mind was busy with little intimate pictures of that happy, wholesome, unpretentious life. She could see Mrs. Boldin, clean and portly, in a lilac chambray dress, upbraiding her for some trifling, yet exasperating fault. And Mr. Boldin, immaculate and slender, with his noticeably polished air—how kind he had always been, she remembered. And lastly, Cornelius; Cornelius in a thousand attitudes and engaged in a thousand occupations, brown and near-sighted and sweet—devoted to his pretty sister, as he used to call her; Cornelius, who used to come to her as a baby as willingly as to his mother; Cornelius spelling out colored letters on his blocks, pointing to them stickily with a brown, perfect finger; Cornelius singing like an angel in his breathy, sexless voice and later murdering everything possible on his terrible cornet. How had she ever been able to leave them all and the dear shabbiness of that home! Nothing, she realized, in all these years had touched her inmost being, had penetrated to the core of her cold heart like the memories of those early, misty scenes.

One day she wrote a letter to Mrs. Boldin. She, the writer, Madame A. Wynne, had come across a young woman, Amy Kildare, who said that as a girl she had run away from home and now she would like to come back. But she was ashamed to write. Madame Wynne had questioned the girl closely and she was quite sure that this Miss Kildare had in no way incurred shame or disgrace. It had been some time since Madame Wynne had seen the girl but if Mrs. Boldin wished, she would try to find her again—perhaps Mrs. Boldin would like to get in touch with her. The letter ended on a tentative note.

The answer came at once.

My dear Madame Wynne:

My mother told me to write you this letter. She says even if Amy Kildare had done something terrible, she would want her to come home again. My father says so too. My mother says, please find her as soon as you can and tell her to come back. She still misses her. We all miss her. I was a little boy when she left, but though I am in the High School now and play in the school orchestra, I would rather see her than do anything I know. If you see her,

be sure to tell her to come right away. My mother says thank you.

Yours respectfully,

CORNELIUS BOLDIN.

The letter came to the modiste's establishment in New York. Amy read it and went with it to Madame. "I have had wonderful news," she told her, "I must go away immediately, I can't come back—you may have these last two weeks for nothing." Madame, who had surmised long since the separation, looked curiously at the girl's flushed cheeks, and decided that "Monsieur Ween" had returned. She gave her fatalistic shrug. All Americans were crazy.

"But, yes, Madame,—if you must go—absolument."

When she reached the ferry, Amy looked about her searchingly. "I hope I'm seeing you for the last time—I'm going home, home!" Oh, the unbelievable kindness! She had left them without a word and they still wanted her back!

Eventually she got to Orange and to the little house. She sent a message to Peter's sister and set about her packing. But first she sat down in the little house and looked about her. She would go home, home—how she loved the word, she would stay there a while, but always there was life, still beckoning. It would beckon forever she realized to her adventurousness. Afterwards she would set up an establishment of her own,—she reviewed possibilities—in a rich suburb, where white women would pay and pay for her expertness, caring nothing for realities, only for externals.

"As I myself used to care," she sighed. Her thoughts flashed on. "Then some day I'll work and help with colored people—the only ones who have really cared for and wanted me." Her eyes blurred.

She would never make any attempt to find out who or what she was. If she were white, there would always be people urging her to keep up the silliness of racial prestige. How she hated it all!

"Citizen of the world, that's what I'll be. And now I'll go home."

Peter's sister's little girl came over to be with the pretty lady whom she adored.

"You sit here, Angel, and watch me pack," Amy said, placing her in a little arm-chair. And the baby sat there in silent observation, one tiny leg crossed over the other, surely the quaintest, gravest bit of bronze, Amy thought, that ever lived.

"Miss Amy cried," the child told her mother afterwards.

Perhaps Amy did cry, but if so she was unaware. Certainly she laughed more happily, more spontaneously than she had done for years. Once she got down on her knees in front of the little arm-chair and buried her face in the baby's tiny bosom.

"Oh Angel, Angel," she whispered, "do you suppose Cornelius still plays on that cornet?"

THE ELECTION COMES

ERNEST R. MCKINNEY

WE colored folk are again face to face with the ever recurring dilemma of "voting it straight", embarking on an uncharted sea with a new party candidate or descending into hell with the Democrats.

Only since 1912, after the indifferent treatment of us by Mr. Taft and the apostasy of Theodore Roosevelt, when he joined hands with Parker of Louisiana, and refused to let us cross the Plain of Esdraelon with his holy crusaders, have we begun to think that there may be other ways out of the wilderness than the path over which our fathers strode in childlike faith and in vain. Now we are trying to get our minds open to the truth and follow the facts wherever they lead, not in submission to a seared ideal but with eyes that see, ears that hear and feelings that have been outraged by reactionary Republicans and Negro hating Democrats.

Yet the awakening is by no means complete for there are hosts of us who close our minds and exclaim with all the fervor of a Christian martyr, "I am a Republican; my father before me was a Republican; I come of a long line of Republicans." May the line lose some of its tensile strength!

Historically these Negroes perhaps are

right. In the distant past the Republican Party was our champion. It actively wished for us equality of opportunity and protection of the law granted under the constitution. But this is not the case now. To begin with, the party is not the same party that it was sixty years ago. Neither of the two great parties is the same as in the early days of their founding. The principles for which they stood actually made them different.

Both aimed at national prosperity but through unlike and often opposed articles of faith.

Therefore the Negro today faces not the party of the Abolitionists but bidders for votes, and men lusting for power and anxious for office because the office brings with it prestige and leadership.

This change in the Republican Party has been coming for some time. After the Civil War a mental attitude established itself everywhere among Negroes and among whites in the North who had helped forward this transformation. The whites became conscious of the fact that they had played a large part in the freeing of the Negro. They had made him a citizen, given him the ballot and office. In fact they set aside certain positions for him and it became a tradition that he was always to get them. Then they came to feel that for these benefactions so generously bestowed we should be eternally in their debt and they have never ceased to remind us of this. We are all familiar with the speeches that our white friends make in our meetings after they have been glowingly introduced by one of our leading Negroes. They appear before us as a kind of mass Messiah who has delivered us from the southern Romans. The tragedy of the situation is that we have come to think as they. We feel that we owe them something that can never be paid as long as the earth stands, so great is the debt. We have never ceased to prostrate ourselves before this rock of our salvation and cry out around election time, "We are coming." Then we marched to the polls, in mass formation, made one cross mark and came away satisfied.

Naturally in time the astute white folk realized that they were losing good white votes by standing for our rights. They saw that it wasn't necessary. We had acquired tremendous Republican momentum. So they gave their time elsewhere, in the South, for instance, the blessed South, bulwark of the Democracy, but with an occasional flicker of Republicanism. No talk of justice to the Negro could win here, however, so we were gently set aside, the Constitution was not enforced, we were lynched and disfranchised but were rewarded with a great deal of kindness and light near the time to elect a new president. They felt that they had us safe in the fold and we felt that we belonged there. They of course lost their respect for us, for no one respects a dog that wags its tail when it is kicked.

I have said that we are in a dilemma. It's something like running from the devil and jumping into the sea. Some of us no longer believe in the Republican Party but we believe far less in the Democrats. We face a situation in which our friends are in general passively for us but our enemies are always violently against us. For instance, the South is consistent in its opposition to us. It is passionate and murderous in defense of its traditions of white domination and black serfdom. These traditions dominate the political life. It has pushed past the frontiers of what is lawful and just, making null and void the Constitution,—yet the Republican North is silent.

But during the coming months this silence will be broken. The Republicans want to come into power and they will attempt to use the same old propaganda among us. As usual a few Negroes will be offered jobs to swing our vote in line. There will be much talk about the right of every man to happiness, liberty and justice. We will be told by each candidate that he believes in a square deal for us. Many job hunting Negroes are now climbing enthusiastically on the band wagon.

As a rule in the past a Negro has held such positions as Register of the Treasury, Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, and a few others.

Then to make a real impression they give us a job or two that we had never held before. It is high time, however, that we ceased to be fooled at this point. There is no more reason for a Negro always being made Register of the Treasury than there is for a white man to always be Commissioner of Pensions. When Mr. Tyler was made Auditor for the Navy Department and Mr. Lewis was appointed Assistant Attorney

General we threw our hats in the air and sang praises to our Republican captors. We forgot that we are still burned at the stake, disfranchised, crushed to the bottom in industry, refused food when we are hungry and crowded into the gallery when we seek amusement.

Yet the beginning of an awakening has come. Let us hope that this year we will be freer men than ever before. One thing that we must surely learn to do, is not to function as a racial unit politically. We have got to develop *independence!* Party leaders must come to know that they can never be certain how we are going to vote. We have come to the place where political organization among us is absolutely essential. Such organization must be free from taint and rule of the bosses and work for the election of Negroes to office, also white men, who can be depended upon to recognize us as American citizens.

Our new political leaders must be different from most of those we have at present. The majority now cannot be trusted. They jump at the white man's word of command and smile at the rustle of his greenbacks. The most contemptible of these leaders is the preacher-politician. He is money-thirsty and at election time he is quietly busy at party headquarters emphasizing his prestige among his people.

The young colored men must rise in their might and do away with our present venal leaders and substitute a new type in their places. The leaders of the coming regime must be sacrificing, sincere and courageous. They must not have a price. We must check them up and repudiate them mercilessly when they jeopardize our political safety.

This year we will not be left to choose between Republicans and Democrats for there will be in the field two other groups asking for our suffrage. I refer to the Labor Party of the United States and the Committee of Forty-Eight. Plank three of the Committee of Forty-Eight reads as follows: "Equal economic, political and legal rights for all, irrespective of sex or color." . . . In its Declaration of Principles, Section 3, the Labor Party says, "We dedicate the Labor Party of the United States to the principle of complete political and industrial equality of the sexes and races, nationalities and creeds."

When I read the literature of the Committee of Forty-Eight I wondered if it would be another Progressive Party with a Parker demanding that it be a "white man's party". I wrote to the chairman and asked him the following questions: (1) Does the Committee of Forty-Eight intend to go before the country favoring an equal chance for the Negro to vote and hold office and have the same chance in the courts and in industry as white men? (2) Do the southern members of the Committee favor this? (3) If the southern members object to Negro equality what do the northern members intend to do? Mr. J. A. H. Hopkins, the Chairman, replied as follows: "I can perhaps answer your question, that when we declared for 'Equal Rights' we meant exactly what we said and intend to go through."

In the preliminary meetings of both these parties, these equal rights measures were enthusiastically adopted. But the real test has not yet come. A political party gets into power through votes and votes are got by political manœuvering and the spending of money. Who can say that they will stand up for and in defense of their Negro adherents when the pressure is put on? It is a fine thing that such a stand has been taken and we may be inclined to lend our ear. But we must be careful and go slow. The time has come when Negroes must cease to grow enthusiastic about any of the things that white men say to them or about them. We must keep an open mind and insist on deeds and not words, no matter how good they sound.

All parties and candidates must know that we insist on the fullness of United States citizenship and will never be satisfied with anything less. We must have its privileges, its responsibilities and the protection of the country's laws, North, South, East and West. We will support the party that will give us tangible evidence that it recognizes this principle and will carry it into effect. We will not compromise, for progress for us will not come through compromise. This has been tried and has miserably failed. We must be true to ourselves and to our own.

Then as the election comes let us ponder on these things, profiting by the past and the present, and fighting our way into the future with whatever weapon is needed to achieve the goal of complete American citizenship.

ENTRANCE HALLWAY, MR. HERNDON'S HOME, ATLANTA, GA.
LIBRARY, DR. ELBERT'S HOME, WILMINGTON, DEL.

National · Association · for · the ··· Advancement · of · Colored · People.

FIELD SECRETARY JOHNSON BECOMES ACTING SECRETARY

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, Field Secretary of the Association since 1916, has been appointed as Acting Secretary, pending final action by the Board of Directors, to succeed John R. Shillady, resigned. Mr. Johnson is one of the best known colored men in the United States. Besides being field secretary of the N. A. A. C. P. he is widely known as contributing editor of the *New York Age*. He is an author of note, having written several volumes, and has contributed to various periodicals such as the *Century, The Independent, The Nation* and THE CRISIS.

Mr. Johnson has been one of the greatest single factors in the rapid growth of the Association in membership and in power during the past three years. When he entered upon his work in the winter of 1916 the N. A. A. C. P. had 68 branches with a membership of 8,642. Today the Association has 345 branches with a membership of approximately 100,000. This remarkable growth has been due in a large measure to the work that Mr. Johnson has done as field secretary in building up the strong chain of branches that the Association now has. When he entered upon his work the Association had only two branches in the Southern States. Mr. Johnson realized that the great strength of a movement like the N. A. A. C. P. lay to a large extent in fighting where prejudice was greatest. He therefore immediately started through the South, organizing branches. On that trip he organized personally fifteen branches, including that at Atlanta, one of the strongest in the Association and host to the Eleventh Annual Conference in June, 1920; and from that nucleus the number has grown until today there are 165 branches in Southern States with a membership of 50,000.

The appointment of Mr. Johnson will meet with the full approval of all the branches because of his unstinted service to the Association since his connection with it, and his ability as an executive.

The loss to the Association through the resignation of Mr. Shillady, who began work as secretary in February, 1918, and whose energy and executive ability did so much in making the Association the increasingly powerful organization that it is, is regretted by every member of the Association. Under the guidance of Mr. Johnson the work of making the N. A. A. C. P. the most powerful weapon ever known in defense of the rights of colored people will be carried on with vigorous efficiency.

INVESTIGATION OF HAITI

DURING the spring Mr. Johnson was sent to Haiti by the Association to investigate the vague and fragmentary rumors of oppression and brutalities there under the American Occupation and of the exploitation of that country by great financial interests in the United States. He found conditions worse than were suspected. In the September issue of THE CRISIS an article appeared, written by Mr. Johnson, giving some of the facts he learned. On August 28th, he began in *The Nation* a series of four articles on conditions in Haiti. Also in connection with other demands of the Negro, he recently took up with Senator Harding the question of Haiti. Mr. Harding expressed surprise at the facts given him, and stated that he would give the matter his attention in the campaign. Mr. Johnson's articles are attracting wide notice, and it is probable that the revelation of conditions they contain will lead to a congressional investigation of facts that have been kept from the American people.

THE NEW CITIZEN AND HER VOTE

AFTER repeated delays and many disheartening failures the advocates of woman suffrage succeeded on August 18 in securing the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution by the Tennessee legislature—the 36th state to ratify. This gives the right to vote in the November elections and in all future elections to

more than 27,000,000 women in the United States.

It was but natural that the South should be the stronghold of the anti-suffrage forces —that opposition being based on the prospective participation in politics of colored women. The task immediately before us now is to see that the colored woman voter does take advantage of her opportunity and that she does so with more intelligence than the Negro man has done This will be an easier accomplishment in that the major portion of all the contention for a larger opportunity for the Negro during the past half-century has been carried on by colored women, although they have not always received the credit for it. Within the next few years there will be many attempts by southern legislatures to make disfranchisement laws cover colored women. Those efforts must be fought with all the vigor that 12,000,000 colored citizens can muster.

Many of the new voters recently enfranchised as well as a large proportion of the men voters will need definite instruction regarding what must be done to qualify. In the September number of the *Branch Bulletin* a plan was outlined for an intensive course in political education of a practical sort. This plan calls for the formation of classes for the study of the fundamental principles underlying the use of the ballot —how to qualify—how and when to register —how to mark a ballot—how to examine the past records of aspirants for office for whom votes are to be cast.

The plan as outlined in the September *Branch Bulletin* provides for the immediate forming of classes in political education by the various branches of the Association. The N. A. A. C. P. is, and always has been, a political organization in the broadest sense of the word. It is the duty of the Association, both nationally and through its local branches, to (1) teach colored voters how to unite to defeat all candidates for office who are unfavorable, and to support those who can be depended upon to deal justly in all public questions, particularly in connection with the Negro's problems; (2) examine records of aspirants for office in order to determine whether or not these aspirants can be trusted; (3) bind these candidates so effectively that they will not be able to neglect or forget their pre-campaign promises after they have been elected.

Of greater importance than the election of a president, is the political complexion of the next Congress of the various State legislatures and the personnel of the state, county and municipal officers.

In the four pivotal states of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Maryland, the Negro vote forms the balance of power, while in Michigan, New Jersey, New York and Ohio the total Negro vote almost equals the number of votes which will decide the electoral vote in each of these states. In the states of Connecticut, Delaware, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, in each of which the Negro vote has been largely augmented through the migratory movement of the last four years, the margin will be almost, if not quite, as narrow.

The National Office strongly urges all its branches to form these classes. Efforts should be made to reach every citizen of voting age. Qualified persons who are willing to serve should be secured as leaders of the various classes. At the meetings, the leader should discuss, not academically, but in a way that will keep alive the interest of the classes, the questions directly affecting the voting problems of that group. After the discussion by the leader, the class should be allowed to ask questions and discuss their particular problems.

Specific problems such as the qualifications necessary for registration and voting in the particular state and community where the class is held should be taken up. Some states require educational qualifications; others the ownership of property; some, the payment of a poll tax. In all states, the prospective voter must have lived in that state a certain length of time. Next, the class should learn when and where the prospective voter should register. A great deal of work can be done by "flying squadrons" in getting out as many people as possible and having them register. After registration has been accomplished, the next step is that of determining which of the candidates to be voted for are most worthy of support, and then voting for those candidates on election day.

Although the time is short before the elections in November, a great deal of effective work can be done by the branches. The

FORMER HUNTER HOME,
Anacostia, D. C.

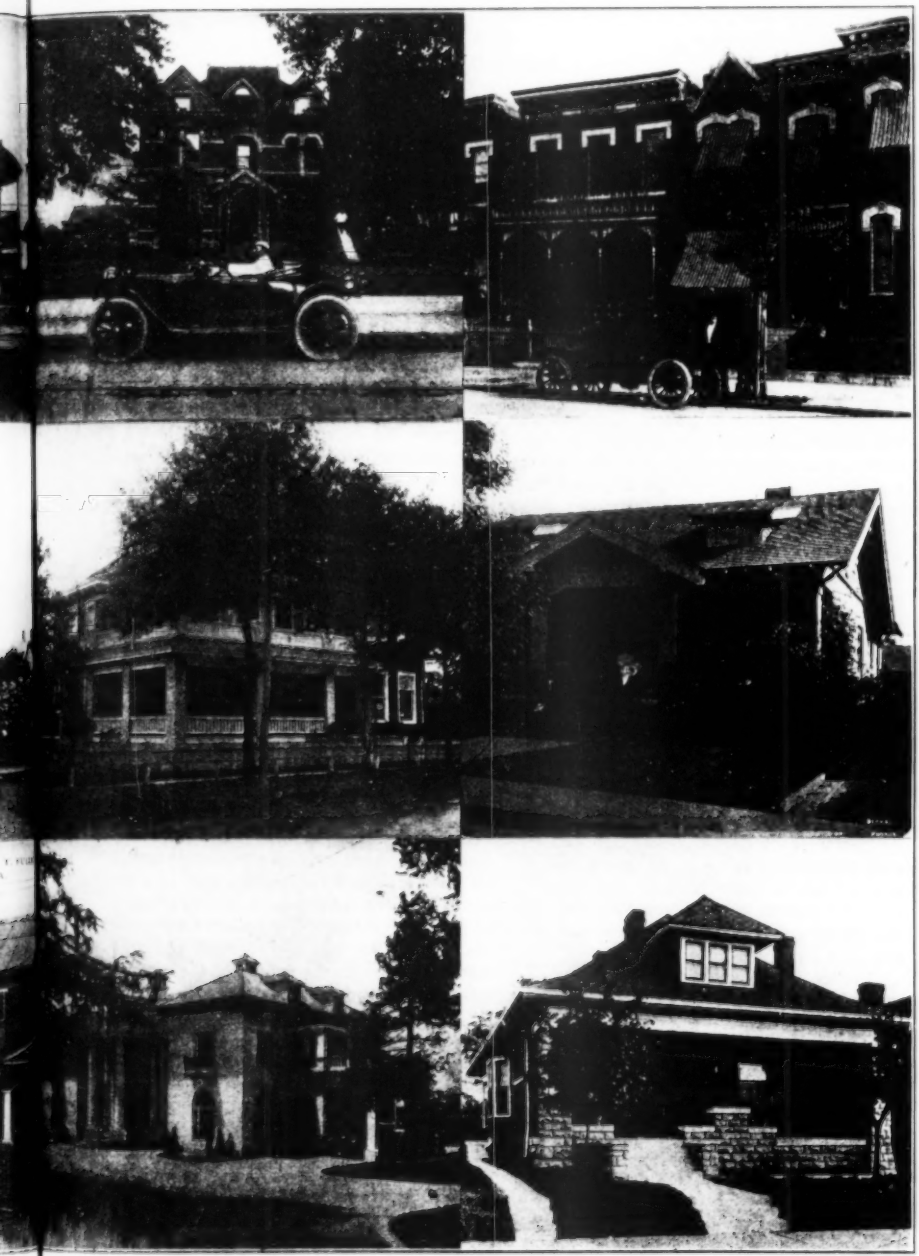
FORMER HOME OF DR. ELBERT,
Wilmington, Del.

CHARLES A. SHAW,
Atlanta, Ga.

J. H. BLODGETT,
Jacksonville, Fla.

MR. HUGHES,
Springfield, Mass.

DR. W. T. FULLER,
Suffolk, Va.



T. H. HAYES,
Memphis, Tenn.

DR. L. L. BURWELL,
Selma, Ala.

"VILLA LEWARO",
Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

MAGGIE L. WALKER,
Richmond, Va.

L. M. BLODGETT,
Los Angeles, Cal.

WILLIAM THOMPSON,
Nashville, Tenn.

branches have been warned to guard especially against attempts on the part of venal politicians of both races who may attempt to unduly influence these classes when formed. These classes properly formed and prosecuting their work with vigor can accomplish a great deal in making the Negro vote in many communities a most effective weapon in the November elections for the betterment of conditions affecting colored people.

SERGEANT CALDWELL EXECUTED

ON July 30 the closing chapter in the life of Sergeant Edgar C. Caldwell was written when he was executed at Anniston, Ala., for the killing of Cecil Linton, a street car conductor in that city on October 1, 1919. Few cases have attracted such nation-wide attention as did this one. The whole story of the alleged crime, together with the long legal fight made to save the life of this colored man who fought in a southern town to save his own life has been told in previous issues of THE CRISIS. Following a dispute with the conductor of a street car in Anniston, Caldwell was kicked from the car. As he was about to rise from the ground, the conductor and motorman of the car advanced on him with weapons in their hands to attack him further. Caldwell drew his revolver and firing from his hip, killed the conductor and wounded the motorman. Caldwell was arrested by civil authorities, although he was a soldier and subject to military trial and punishment if found guilty by a court-martial. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged.

Through the splendid work of the Anniston-Hobson City Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., in which the Rev. R. R. Williams of Anniston was conspicuously active, the case was fought through the various state courts of Alabama, in which fight the branch was aided by the other Alabama branches and the National Office. The long fight was told of in detail in the January issue of THE CRISIS. After reversals there, the case was carried to the United States Supreme Court where again Caldwell lost. Final appeals to the governor of Alabama to commute the sentence of death to life imprisonment were unavailing.

The National Office wishes especially to commend the Alabama lawyers who fought so determinedly to save Caldwell's life,—Messrs. Charles D. Kline and B. M. Allen, and to Messrs. James A. Cobb and Henry E. Davis of Washington who did the same in the United States Supreme Court. It also wishes to express its sincere appreciation to the large number of its friends, who are too numerous to mention individually, who aided in such wholehearted and loyal fashion in the defense.

Sergeant Caldwell is dead, but the efforts to save him are not lost. No person who is conversant with the facts in his case feels that he was guilty of a crime when he fought to save his own life. No red-blooded person would have done otherwise. Caldwell has been sacrificed on the altar of prejudice. His death means but one more addition to the long list of crimes which have been done in the name of color prejudice. His end means but one more reason for a more unbending and relentless fight on the part of every Negro and every right-minded person of every race to end this farce which allows color prejudice to blind justice and judge a man not on his deeds but on the color of his skin. Caldwell's last words, spoken just before the noose was placed around his neck, express his feeling toward the country that had accepted his services in battle and repaid him by a legal lynching. They close Caldwell's life history but who knows what part his death may play in the ending of the régime that caused his death?

"I am being sacrificed today upon the altar of passion and racial hatred that appears to be the bulwark of America's civilization. If it would alleviate the pain and sufferings of my race, I would count myself fortunate in dying, but I am but one of the many victims among my people who are paying the price of America's mockery of law and dishonesty in her profession of a world democracy."

RAIN-MIST

CHARLES BERTRAM JOHNSON

ALL day within an upturned glass
Of mist and clouds, the ghostly rains
Streak down and listless winds that pass,
Like vapor chilled on window panes.

Gray threads of color blurred and purled
And streaming pencils tapering white,—
The autumn mood is on the world,
And I am helpless in its might.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

HOW to better the condition of the colored race, has long been a study which has attracted my serious and careful attention; hence I think I am clear and decided as to what course I shall pursue in the premises, regarding it as a religious duty, as the Nation's guardian of these people who have so heroically vindicated their manhood on the battlefield, where, in assisting to save the life of the Republic, THEY HAVE DEMONSTRATED THEIR RIGHT TO THE BALLOT, which is but the humane protection of the flag they have so fearlessly defended.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE SCAPE GOAT

TO many people even in the North the good name of the Negro race is nothing and may be defamed for any purpose. Consider this incident in Pennsylvania. We clip from the Philadelphia *Bulletin* on two dates:

Waylaid by three Negro highwaymen two squares from his home, John E. Dalton, twenty-one, of Sharon Hill, was shot and killed shortly after midnight today.

To the Editor of *The Bulletin:*

Sir—May I call your attention to what I consider one of the most reprehensible acts by the so-called legal authorities anywhere in this country? All of us have been reading about the brutal murder of John Dalton, of Sharon Hill, and of how the Delaware county authorities were scouring the country for three Negroes who committed the crime. We read of the swearing in of over a hundred ex-service men as special policemen, of how these men were searching Negro quarters within a wide radius of the murder; how the white people have been aroused and open threats against unoffending colored people openly made. I note in *The Bulletin* the following statement:

"Charles H. Drewes, Coroner of Delaware county, declares that from the first he had been convinced that Dalton was killed by one man after a bitter struggle, but he said the authorities supported the theory that three colored highwaymen committed the deed so as not to warn the real murderer."

It is to the eternal shame of the custodians of the law of Delaware county that they are guilty of such a mean, cowardly subterfuge. Had there been riot and bloodshed at Sharon Hill these "protectors of the people" would have been entirely to blame. Colored people of Sharon Hill and all other towns and cities are appealing for and demanding fair play. We are tired of being held up before the world as a mask to shield the fellow who does the dirty work. We do not protect our criminals; for them we only ask the same treatment as others receive. I feel that all will agree that the authorities of Delaware county have stooped to the very lowest plane of racial antipathy.

JOHN P. TURNER, M.D.

* * *

Neil Steer, a southern white man, writes to the Durham, N. C., *Herald:*

I have just read your editorials on the lynching of Red Roach in Person county, and I feel I would be an unworthy citizen if I failed to state what I know about this matter.

When this Negro was lynched, as innocent a man was murdered as would have been had you or I been the victim of the mob. He was working for me and was a quiet, hard working, inoffensive, humble Negro. On Monday he came to me and stated that he was sick and wanted to go with me to Durham that night to see a doctor. I greatly regret that I did not take him with me, for I believe his life would have been spared, but instead I arranged for him to go Tuesday night to Roxboro. He continued at his work all day Tuesday until about 5:30 (bear in mind the crime for which he was lynched occurred between 2 and 3 o'clock that afternoon) when he asked permission of his foreman to stop and go to catch the train for Roxboro. Permission was given him and he left for the station, walking. At 5:45 he passed the State's bridge crew (white men) and two men who were searching for the guilty Negro saw him and followed him up the road to Mount Tersa station where he sat down and waited for the train. These two men sat down on the railroad near him. When the train came he got on and paid his fare to Roxboro and got off the train there. He was not arrested until he got off the train. I am advised by the chief of police, he asked what they had him for and told them he had not done anything, but he was not told until he got in jail what they had him for. He denied it and told the little girl when she was brought in that she was mistaken; he was not the man, so the sheriff informs me. He asked to be taken by my office to see my superintendent with whom I had arranged to carry him to the doctor, but permission was refused him. He had been working for me off and on for two years and on this particular work since November 1, 1919, and was in every way a straightforward, inoffensive Negro. His life has been taken for something he knew absolutely nothing about. . . .

I make this statement in the interest of truth and justice and with a full knowledge

of the odium I am bringing down upon my own head in doing so, but with the hope that his fearful crime may shock our people as to make its like again an impossibility.

NEGRO ART

THE great Negro gift of interpreting Beauty is being gradually recognized. Clive Bell writes in the English periodical, *Arts and Decoration:*

Because in the past Negro art has been treated with absurd contempt, we are all inclined now to overpraise it; and because I mean to keep my head I shall doubtless by my best friends be called a fool. Judging from the available data—no great stock, by the way—I should say that Negro art was entitled to a place among the great schools, but that it was no match for the greatest. With the greatest I would compare it; I would compare it with the art of the supreme Chinese periods (from Han to Sung), with archaic Greek, with Byzantine, with Mohammedan, which for archaeological purposes, begins under the Sassanians a hundred years and more before the birth of the prophet; I would compare it with Romanesque and early Italian (from Giotto to Raffael); but I would place it below all these. On the other hand, when I consider the whole corpus of black art known to us, and compare it with Assyrian, Roman, Indian, true Gothic (not Romanesque, that is to say), or late Renaissance, it seems to me that the blacks have the best of it.

And, on the whole, I should be inclined to place West and Central African art, at any rate, on a level with Egyptian. Such sweeping classifications, however, are not to be taken too seriously.

All I want to say is that, though the capital achievements of the greatest schools do seem to me to have an absolute superiority over anything Negro I have seen, yet the finest black sculpture is so rich in artistic qualities that it is entitled to a place beside them.

* * *

The *Literary Digest* says:

An Englishman, however, has heard a colored orchestra in London and writes in *The Daily Chronicle* that "in the spontaneous music and naive accompanying body-movements of these colored performers there was no trace of the vulgarity and veiled indecency which, since their adoption by the white man, have become characteristic of the so-called jazz tunes and the wrigglings and undulations of the so-called jazz dances." The writer, by name "Collum," seems to seize a chance to relieve some of the recently accumulated irritation against America, and shows how we have missed the finer spirit of Negro music:

"I discovered that the characteristics of this southern Negro music are not, as America has interpreted them for us, vulgarity and bizarreness. They are an honest native sense of rhythm and a spontaneous response to the *vis comica* in music, . . . the 'force of humor,' that bubbles up in it and makes each performance a delight not only to the average western audience, but to the musicians themselves. What a piquant pleasure it is to go to a musical show and to be thoroughly entertained—to be made to enjoy oneself without concentration of effort, to be sent off into ripples and roars of happy laughter, not by anything untoward or grotesque, but by the sheer innate fun of the thing!

"For years and years it has seemed almost an impiety to think of humor in connection with music. Music as an accompaniment to comedy and farce, music as a handmaiden to the banalities of that mirth-lacking production of a *blasé* age, the modern *revue*—ah, yes! But humor in the music and the musicians themselves, oh, dear me, no! That were a contradiction in terms.

"If these colored musicians, in their happy-go-lucky performances, their humorous improvisation embroidered, as you might say, all about the *motif* of their design without in the least destroying its rhythmical balance or the strict discipline of their *ensemble* playing—if they can demonstrate to our sophisticated musical scientists that music is not necessarily a serious business for the mathematicians and the *virtuosi*, but can be also an ebullition of spontaneous art instinct with the *vis comica* to which music has been so long a stranger, they will have done much more for us than merely to give our *blasé* Londoners a chance of a real good laugh."

UNIONS AND SCABS

CERTAIN American railway unions organized the Negroes of the Canal Zone. They struck against wages of $52 a month and found the whole government against them. The *Nation* says:

Evictions of the strikers began promptly on schedule time, but certain landlords in San Miguel and elsewhere decided to rent vacant houses and rooms only to dispossessed silver employees, and to collect no rents until the strike was settled. The gold employees of the canal—the whites—showed little sympathy with the efforts of the silver workers to obtain a living wage, however, as is illustrated by the following statement from the Panama *Star and Herald:*

The night service of the canal telephone department was not interfered with in the least by the failure of the silver operatives to report for duty. The shifts were so arranged by the officials of the department to work the girls twenty-four hours a day instead of under the old day and night shifts. The girls who volunteered for the work found it quite a novelty and no complaints have been made by them.

* * *

The strike theoretically ended at midnight, March 3, although most of the men were still out. William P. Stoute, the leader of the strikers, asked naturalization in

Panama, but the Sub-Secretary of Foreign Affairs—the same Mr. Hazera who had aided in breaking the strike by his efforts to keep the evicted families out of Panama—advised against it. The strikers were not only beaten but disillusioned, for they had confidently counted on help from their union in the United States, to which, they said, they had sent $100,000 gold; but their appeals for assistance were unanswered.

And yet the Unions are terribly angry because Negroes are scabs.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

SOONER or later the South must surrender its stolen political power or allow the Negro to vote. Northern papers have carried several despatches lately like this from the New York *Times:*

Mr. Siegel said last night that he was not committed on the new proposal to apportion Representatives to the South only on the basis of the voting population, but that he intended to hold full hearings on the subject. He said the present agitation to force the South to permit Negro voting or suffer a shrinkage in representation had grown greatly in recent months.

Congressman Barbour of California, one of the most active figures in the agitation for votes for Negroes in the South, is a member of the Committee on Reapportionment. There are nine northern Republicans and six southern Democrats on the committee, and it is understood that the committee is likely to recommend a bill excluding from the basis of Federal apportionment all classes of citizens excluded from the polls. The committee will have before it the entire subject of reapportioning the representation in Congress, in accordance with the final figures of this year's census, which will be completed in September.

The man in the agitation for this change in apportionment, based on the Negro vote, Mr. Siegel says, is the Rev. Thomas G. M. Birmingham of Milford, Neb., who appeared before the Committee on Resolutions of the Republican National Convention and argued in favor of this plan. The Rev. Mr. Birmingham and his associates have flooded the North with appeals for this movement. Congressman Siegel said, and had gained a considerable following. He said that most of the propaganda was based on justice to the Negro, but that there were also Republicans who objected earnestly to the practice of making Republican Negroes, who are kept away from the polls, the means of increasing Democratic representation in Congress.

SOLDIERS

SECRETARY BAKER says that Negro pioneer regiments involve no race discrimination. But the Fall River, Mass., *Daily News* says:

Is it possible that Secretary Baker can suppose that his last statement can be credited by any considerable number of the people? It is patent to every observer that there is a sharp discrimination between the black and white races. If the decision is not a stigma on the colored soldier on account of his race, why does the Department not decree that Irish-Americans or Franco-Americans or Polish-Americans shall be made pioneers assigned to the drudgery corps? It is a race stigma that the decision affixes to colored soldiers. Secretary Baker may think that the exigencies of the situation justify the decision. But, if so, let him try to justify it without the falsehood that no race discrimination is intended. Of course it is intended..

THE SCHREINERS

WE have a few friends even in South Africa. The *African World* writes:

The late Senator Schreiner was born at Colesberg, in the Cape, in 1844, and was the son of the late Rev. G. Schreiner of the Wesleyan Missionary Society and an elder brother of Olive Schreiner and the late High Commissioner of the Union, whose senior he was by thirteen years. He received his education at the Wesleyan College, Taunton, and at the age of nineteen he became vice-principal of the Shaw College, Grahamstown, a position which he held for five years. Thereafter he was headmaster of the Government School at Cradock during the period 1869-70. In 1870 he threw up this promising academic career and joined in the great rush to the Vaal River diggings and Kimberley. . . .

In the meantime he devoted himself more and more to the interests of the temperance cause. In 1889 he went as Good Templar delegate to America, and in subsequent years he travelled extensively in Europe, Egypt, and Asia Minor in the same connection. At the beginning of the present century he spent two years in England as the delegate of the South African Vigilance Committee. In 1904 he was elected to the Cape Parliament as Progressive member for Tembuland, and when the Union was formed in 1910 he was returned for the same division in the united Parliament. There he stood forward as the champion of a liberal native policy, and in his later years it became the chief interest of his life to express the natives' point of view in the deliberations of the Assembly.

It was principally for this reason that when his brother, the late Hon. W. P. Schreiner, was appointed in 1915 from the Senate to the Union High Commissionership in London, he was nominated by the Governor-General as one of the Senators who, in terms of the Constitution, are elected on the ground mainly of their acquaintance with the reasonable wants and wishes of the colored races. In this capacity and in connection with the native policy which is now in course of formulation in the Union he rendered conspicuous service to the races whom he represented in the Legislature.

Men of the Month.

ELIJAH McCOY is regarded as the pioneer in the art of steadily supplying oil to machinery in intermittent drops from a cup so as to avoid the necessity for stopping the machine to oil it. His lubricating cup has been in use for years on stationary and locomotive machinery, including railway locomotives, boiler engines of steamers, on the Great Lakes, on trans-Atlantic steamships and in leading factories. The McCoy method of graphite lubrication has a score of over 300,000 miles without repacking cylinders, while one piston valve superheater has covered over 100,000 miles without repacking.

Elijah McCoy was born May 12, 1844, and is the third of 12 children. His parents were Mildred Gaines-McCoy and George McCoy, who fled to Canada from slavery in 1837. His father was a veteran of the Fenian War, serving with the Canadian forces.

The McCoy Graphite Lubricator represents Mr. McCoy's 67th invention, his 58th patent and his 46th patent or improvement upon lubricating devices. Mr. McCoy was granted his first patent July, 1872. He is vice-president of the McCoy Manufacturing Company at Detroit, Michigan.

THE late Edward Seabrook was born in Aiken County, S. C., November 6, 1869. His schooling stopped at the fourth grade when he went to work on steamboats for the support of his mother, becoming in time a first-class pilot.

In 1895 at Savannah, Ga., Mr. Seabrook entered the undertaking business for which he built a 3-story brick structure. Seven years ago he retired, selling to the Savannah Undertaking Company, but retaining considerable interest in the company. He was a director of the Wage Earners' Savings Bank and of the Consolidated Realty Corporation; a Knight of Pythias and a Mason; and a trustee of St. Phillips A. M. E. Church. At the age of 21 he married Miss Nina Trayus, who survives him.

IN 1891 the late Richard W. Thompson associated himself with the *Indianapolis Leader* and learned the printing trade; he became managing editor first of the *Indianapolis World* and then of the *Washington Colored American*, and finally established Thompson's News Bureau, which sent weekly letters to the colored press.

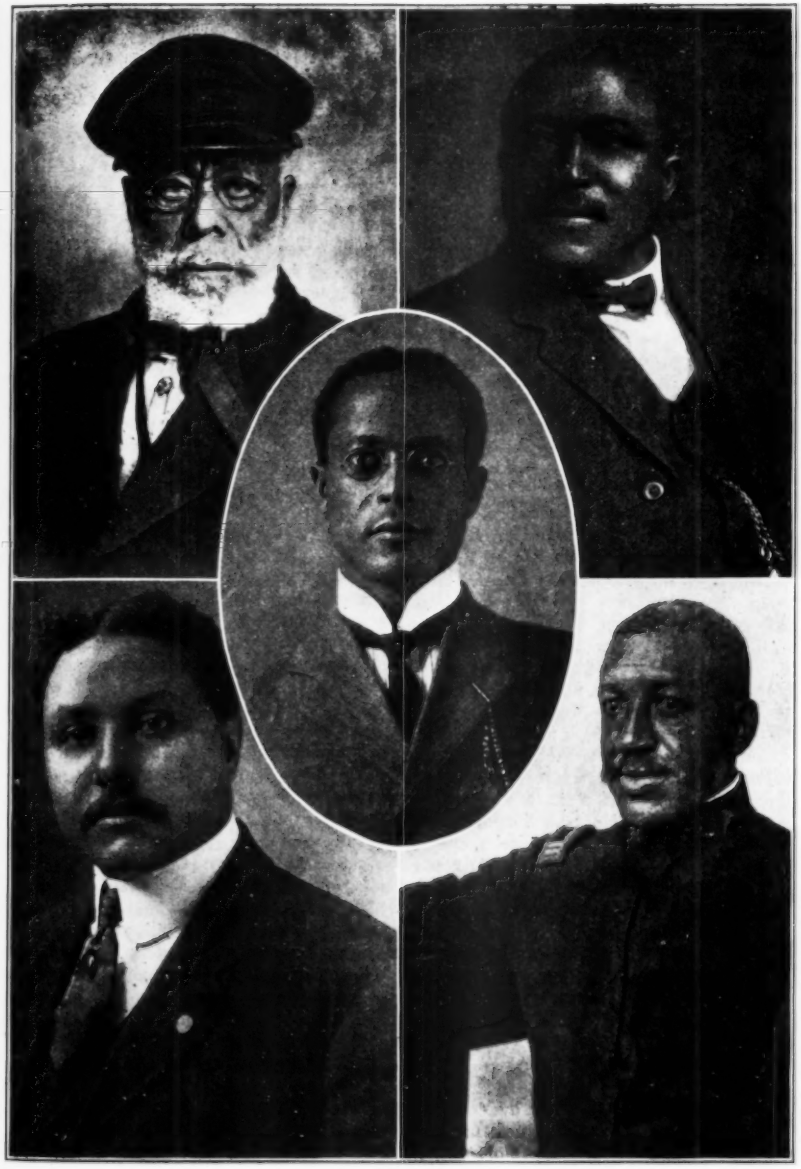
Mr. Thompson was the first colored page in the Indiana Legislature and afterward held Civil Service positions of various grades, including a clerkship in the Government Printing Office. He is chiefly to be remembered, however, by his news letters from Washington to the colored papers. They were entertainingly written and widely read and represented a distinct advance in colored journalism.

Mr. Thompson was born at Brandenburg, Ky., in 1866. A wife survives him.

THE late Senator Charles B. Dunbar of Liberia was born in Monrovia, March 6, 1875. He was a student of The Alexander High School, of which the late venerable Senator Alfred B. King was head. He came to the United States and was graduated from Lincoln University in 1895. Returning to Liberia, he became a notable lawyer and served his government as Secretary of the Liberian Delegation to the World Exposition at Chicago in 1893; as a Commissioner to the United States to seek advice relative to the encroachments on Liberia at the hands of some of the great European powers in 1908; and as a delegate from Liberia to the World Peace Conference held at Paris in 1919. He was a 33rd degree Mason and for several years served with honor and distinction as Grand Master of Masonic lodges in Liberia.

THE late Dr. J. H. Shepperd was the first Negro to practise medicine at Peoria, Ill., where he built a lucrative practice among both colored and white people. He served as chief sanitary officer at Camp Sam Houston and received special mention from the Surgeon General for sanitary efficiency. He had the rank of Captain in the 8th Illinois Regiment of which he had been a member for 15 years.

Dr. Shepperd was born in Lynchburg, Va., February 22, 1865. He studied at Howard University and received his medical degree, from Meharry College in 1899.



ELIJAH McCOY THE LATE EDWARD SEABROOK

THE LATE SENATOR DUNBAR

THE LATE R. W. THOMPSON THE LATE DR. SHEPPERD

COMPILED BY MADELINE G. ALLISON

INDUSTRY

THE highest paid colored city employee at Cleveland, Ohio, is Dr. J. T. Sykes who receives $3,300 per year as District Physician; there are inspectors in the garbage department, bookkeepers, weight masters, bathhouse superintendents, street foremen and 27 men on the police force at salaries of $2,000 per year; 30 men and women foremen and clerks at $1,500 per year; and 200 garbage cart drivers at $5.50 per day.

¶ The Ideal Progressive Laundry Corporation has been chartered as a $100,000 colored enterprise at Pittsburgh, Pa., to do a general laundry, cleaning and pressing business. The promoters are C. E. Thomas, president; Mark King, secretary; and Dr. J. F. Jackson, treasurer.

¶ Bob Lindsey, a Negro, has realized on $15,000 worth of cotton at Gadsden, Ala.

¶ At Superior, Wis., Mrs. Hallie R. Salters, colored, is manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office; she was previously a telephone operator at Minneapolis. Mr. Goins, a Negro at St. Paul, is an operator in the Postal Telegraph Cable Office.

¶ The Wage Earners' Savings Bank at Savannah, Ga., has resources of $1,036,000.

¶ Harry M. Legg, a Negro, formerly of Birmingham, Ala., is operating a wholesale and retail grocery business at Seattle, Wash., valued at $65,000. He employs 27 clerks, with W. H. Banks, also formerly of Birmingham, as manager.

¶ Hinton D. Alexander, a colored mail carrier at Chattanooga, Tenn., has been retired after 38 years' service.

¶ The Parris Import and Export Corporation, capitalized at $200,000, has been established at Newport News, Va., by Negroes for the import of tropical products principally from Africa and the export of American products. Mr. O. Z. Parris is president of the company.

¶ Fitzherbert Howell, a colored real estate dealer, recently sold at $25,000 each, eight five-story houses in West 135th Street, New York City, to colored buyers.

¶ Two hundred colored clerks were appointed recently in the Bureau of the Census at Washington. The salary is $960 per year plus $240 bonus.

¶ The Thrift Commercial Company has been organized at Washington, D. C., to conduct a chain grocery business. Negroes in the District of Columbia spend $18,250,000 annually, or $50,000 per day, for groceries, etc.

¶ R. W. Westbury, a colored cotton dealer at Columbia, S. C., has profits of $100 per day; J. C. Sawyer has an income from cotton averaging $40,000 per year.

¶ At the Webster Witter Farm, Beeville, Tex., a colored woman 60 years of age, Noumann by name, picks 430 pounds of cotton daily, or one-third of a bale. At the rate of $1.50 per hundred pounds, her wage is $6.50 per day.

¶ Albemarle Bank has been opened by Negroes at Elizabeth City, N. C., with a paid in capital of $25,000. Dr. E. L. Boffler is president.

¶ Dr. Leonidas Crogman of Atlanta, Ga., has sailed for Brazil, with other colored men from the South, for the purpose of establishing business relations with South America.

¶ Ten Negro businesses with headquarters in Atlanta are incorporated under the laws of Georgia, with capital stock and assets of at least $100,000 each; with smaller corporations operating out of Atlanta, the total capitalization is nearly $3,000,000.

¶ The Delsarte Film Corporation, capitalized at $100,000, has been organized by Negroes in New York, with F. Harrison Hough, president; John S. Brown, Jr., secretary-treasurer; and Clarence E. Muse, director-general. Among the players are Inez Clough, Susie Sutton-Brown and Spahr Dickey. A party of 12 players will sail

during September for Haiti. In the fall "Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Abraham Lincoln of Haiti", will be released, featuring Clarence E. Muse.

¶ J. William Galewood, for 10 years employed as a colored general clerk in the office of City Comptroller E. S. Morrow at Pittsburgh, Pa., has been promoted to Pay Counter Clerk.

¶ The Andrews Asphalt Paving Company has opened a hotel with accommodation for 400 colored laborers and dining-room capacity for 300 at Hamilton, Ohio.

¶ The Cleveland Hardware Company has sent its colored foreman, Robert Hodges, on a tour through the South to present the opportunities offered by this plant to colored men and women.

¶ Mrs. M. H. Toland, a colored woman in Chattanooga, Tenn., has invented the "Drip Pan Alarm," a refrigerator contrivance so operated as to ring when water in a drip-pan has reached a certain height.

POLITICS

LANGDON HARRISON and W. N. Moore, Negroes, won Republican nomination for the State Legislature from St. Louis.

¶ The Ohio State Republican ticket has 6 Negro nominees: William R. Green for the Senate; and Harry E. Davis, Samuel E. Woods, Benjamin F. Hughes, the Rev. George L. Davis, and Henry M. Higgins for the House of Representatives.

¶ W. Ashbie Hawkins of Baltimore, Md., has been nominated by Negroes as a colored candidate for the United States Senate.

¶ As a result of the migration from the South, it has been estimated that there will be 300,000 Negroes in the North casting their first vote.

¶ At St. Louis, Mo., Mr. I. H. Bradbury has been elected a member of the Republican State Central Committee. Mr. Bradbury is a colored city garbage inspector.

EDUCATION

A NEW graded school is being built for colored children at Atchison, Kan. It will cost $150,000 and include a swimming-pool and a gymnasium.

¶ At Knoxville, Tenn., the scholastic population is 30,068, of whom 26,284 can read and write and 3,784 are illiterates; of 5,324 Negroes 4,756 can read and write, while 658 are illiterates.

¶ The United States Inter-departmental Board of Social Hygiene has approved the Howard University budget of $12,440 for social hygiene work; the university will carry $3,900 of this budget.

¶ The Hospital and Health Board of Kansas City, Mo., has established a free intensive training school in pathology and bacteriology for colored doctors at the General Hospital. The Colored Division of this hospital has 300 beds, 8 internes, 40 nurses and a staff of 43 physicians.

¶ In New York City there were 600 colored teachers attending summer school. The South had the largest representation, with Atlanta in the lead.

¶ George W. Gore, Jr., a graduate of the colored Pearl High School, Nashville, Tenn., is one of ten members of the freshman class of 500 at De Pauw University to win an Edward Rector Scholarship for excelling in scholarship during his first year. He is the first Negro to receive a scholarship at De Pauw.

¶ J. Henry Alston, *A.B.*, Lincoln University '17, and *A.M.* Clark University '20, has been appointed Instructor of Psychology at Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Alston was formerly Professor of Mathematics at Walden University and Principal of the High School Department of Paine College.

¶ Lincoln University at Chester, Pa., has been promoted from Class 2 to Class 1 among Negro colleges.

¶ Professor J. E. K. Aggrey of Livingstone College, North Carolina, is on a year's leave of absence for the study of educational missions in Africa, under the Phelps-Stokes Fund Commission.

¶ By authority of the State Department of Public Instruction, Cheyney Training School for Teachers at Cheyney, Pa., opens as a standardized State Normal School. The school was founded in 1837 and has as its principal Leslie Pinckney Hill, *A.B.*, *A.M.*, of Harvard University.

MEETINGS

THERE were 1,000 delegates in attendance at the annual convention of the National Negro Business League held in Philadelphia. Dr. R. R. Moton of Tuskegee was re-elected president; three women, Mrs. Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., Mrs. Maggie L. Walker of Richmond, Va.,

and Mrs. Aaron E. Malone of St. Louis, Mo., were elected vice-presidents.

¶ Over 100 delegates, representing 25 states, attended the first annual convention of the National Negro Tailors' Association held in New York City.

¶ The Industrial and Commercial Council of People of African Descent will convene in Los Angeles, Cal., September 25-27. Among matters to be discussed are agriculture, commerce, industry, labor, health, education, corporations, inter-state relations and a national industrial exposition. The Hon. J. W. Coleman of Los Angeles is president.

¶ Negroes of Alabama and Tennessee have organized a Colored Fair and Racing Association. Fairs will be held during August, September and October.

FRATERNITIES

COLORED Knights of Pythias of Indiana have held their annual session at Marion. The 1921 session will meet at Indianapolis. E. G. Tidrington of Evansville was elected Grand Chancellor for the sixteenth consecutive time.

¶ Five hundred delegates were in attendance at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Negro Odd Fellows of Salisbury, N. C. Endowment policies have been increased from $200 to $300; the organization has a balance of $40,000.

¶ King Solomon Chapter of Royal Arch Masons has been organized at Sewickley, Pa. F. Quincy Adams was elected Most Excellent High Priest.

¶ Mosaic Templars of America has celebrated 37 years' achievement. During 1919 the income was $661,499, insurance in force, $30,250,200; its assets are $690,353, with $125,000 invested in Liberty Bonds; liabilities, $135,765. It has 18 state grand lodges, 100,864 members, and operates in 26 states, Central and South America and the West Indies.

¶ The Ancient Order of Pilgrims, established at Houston, Texas, 5 years ago, reports resources of $57,959; it has a surplus of $49,062. B. H. Grimes is Supreme Worthy Shepherd.

¶ American Woodmen, of which the Honorable C. M. White of Denver, Colo., is Supreme Commander, reports the writing of over $60,000,000 of insurance; it has a fund of $500 000 to care for matured policies.

¶ Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias of Georgia reports a balance of $208,031, with total assets of $409,041. Last year 11,634 applications for membership were made. The Past Grand Chancellor is J. J. Bolen of Savannah.

THE CHURCH

THE Rev. Henry Allen Boyd of Nashville, Tenn., will sail during September for Tokyo, Japan, where he will be a Negro delegate to the World's Sunday School Convention.

¶ Mildred Barrett, formerly a teacher of Gay Street School, West Chester, Pa., has been received into the Order of the Oblate Sisters of Providence at Baltimore. She is the first colored girl from this section to enter a Catholic convent.

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE

THE pre-natal clinic opened under the supervision of the Maternity Center Association in the offices of the New York Urban League has already a daily average of 10 patients. In addition to the daily clinic, Harlem physicians conduct a special weekly clinic for the Center. The New York Urban League also sponsors a nursing center in its office, directed by Henry Street Settlement. The Visiting Nurse from this center visits at least 10 sick persons each day.

¶ Nineteen out of 24 applicants for social service fellowships with the National Urban League passed their examinations; the successful candidates are Inabel F. Burns and Edwin J. Morgan to the New York School of Social Work, and Lillian S. Proctor and John M. Wiseman to the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy. The fellowships are for $400 each.

¶ The Alter Light Company of Chicago, which is using colored girls furnished through the League, threatens to test the validity of a clause found in its lease forbidding the use of colored help, if the matter is further pressed by the leaser.

¶ Rand McNally & Company, printers and publishers of maps, at the instigation of the Chicago Urban League, have taken on 40 colored girls in one of their offices with a colored woman in charge. The number of girls to be employed will reach 200.

¶ Harvey B. Atkins, Industrial Secretary of the Cleveland organization, reports that

colored girls are becoming expert operators of power machines at increasingly large wages. The Liberty Garment Company employs 75 such operators; the Manual Products Company employs more than 50.

¶ The Annual Conference of Urban League executives will be held in Newark, N. J., October 20-23. Reports from local fields indicate that it will be the largest annual conference yet held by the League. Louis I. Dublin, Chief Statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, will discuss life insurance and the reduction of mortality as brought about by the Metropolitan. Other speakers of national import will discuss the various phases of industry, including health and housing and special training both in industry and social service. The Association of Negro Industrial Welfare Workers will hold its annual meeting at this time in conjunction with the National Urban League.

¶ Taking advantage of the meeting of the National Medical Association in Atlanta, the Atlanta Urban League secured permission from 8 industrial plants employing colored workers to have health talks given at the noon hour by the visiting physicians. They were enthusiastically received by the mixed groups of colored and white workers whom they addressed.

THE GHETTO

THE Legislature has passed a bill providing $50,000 for a park for Negroes at Nashville, Tenn.

¶ Representative Daniel of Heard County, Ga., has introduced a bill which provides that no person born on or descended from a person born on the continent of Africa shall vote or hold office in the State of Georgia. The bill has been referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections.

CRIME

THE following lynchings have taken place since our last record:

Ozark, Ala., August 6—Sills Spinks and Justin Jennings; attack on white woman.

Pensacola, Fla., August 13—Hosea Poole; murder.

Corinth, Miss., August 28—Blutcher Higgins and Dan Callicut; assaulting chain-gang guard.

Tulsa, Okla., August 29—Ray Belton; murder.

Oklahoma County, Okla., August 30—Claude Chandler; murder.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

DR. A. C. BROWNE of Chicago, who served with the 366th Field Hospital (92nd Division), has returned to France. He will apply for French citizenship and practice at Cean (Calvidas) with a French dentist. Dr. Cobb, formerly of the 366th Infantry (92nd Division), upon his own request was discharged in France to engage in dentistry at St. Die (Vosges).

¶ In a Civil Service examination at Philadelphia for Assistant Teacher, Bureau of Recreation, Clarence J. Grinnell, colored, made an average of 90 per cent and was placed second on the list.

¶ Columbus Avenue Playground at Boston, Mass., has been renamed William E. Carter Playground in memory of a colored veteran of the World War.

¶ A thousand dollar contribution of needlework by women of Africa, the West Indies and North and South America was exhibited at the Quadrennial Mite Missionary meeting held at Jacksonville, Fla.

¶ John R. Shillady, formerly secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, has been appointed Executive Director of the National Consumers' League in New York City. The latter organization has become recognized as the national authority on the shorter work day, minimum wage, and other legislation affecting women and girl workers.

¶ Dr. F. S. Belcher, colored, has been appointed city physician at Savannah, Ga.

¶ Patrolman Richard H. Anderson, a Negro, has passed the examination for Police Sergeant at Philadelphia, Pa., with an average of 38 points above that of other applicants. He is connected with the 19th District. In Philadelphia there are 300 colored policemen.

¶ Negroes of Charleston, S. C., have completed the payment of $6,000 for a building site for a Y. M. C. A. Mr. G. D. Brock, a graduate of Morehouse College, is in charge.

¶ Adelaide Childs, colored, has been appointed policewoman at Washington, D. C. She is 25 years of age.

¶ To oppose the migration of Negroes, at Canton, Miss., the following sign is stretched across the main streets: "Come White and Colored People and Let's Get Together"!

¶ The State Board of Control at Charleston, W. Va., has appropriated $150,000 for the erection of "Old Long Farm", a hospital for insane Negroes.

¶ The following locations of colored regiments have been given: 9th Cavalry—34 officers, 1,523 enlisted men—Camp Stotsenbery; 10th Cavalry—40 officers, 900 enlisted men—Fort Huachuca, Ariz.; 24th Infantry—52 officers, 1,283 enlisted men—Camp Furlong, Columbus, N. M.; 25th Infantry—42 officers, 2,103 enlisted men—Camp Stephen D. Little, Nogales, Ariz.

¶ John R. Holmes, a Negro at Youngstown, Ohio, has been appointed meter reader in the City Water Department. He was one of the highest two among 14 applicants.

¶ In Chatham County, Ga., there are 43,981 Negroes who pay taxes on 5,000 acres of land valued at $2,118,732.

¶ At Philadelphia, a Bureau of Social Service is to be organized, in connection with the Department of Public Welfare, of which Mr. R. R. Wright, Jr., has been appointed Secretary by Mayor Moore.

¶ Negro officials in the Police Department are a Lieutenant of Police at Chicago; a Police Sergeant at Atlantic City and Boston; and a Detective Sergeant at Washington.

¶ Mrs. Beatrice Moore, colored, has been appointed an Assistant Postmistress at Philadelphia.

¶ At a horse show at Fort Meyer, Va., Sergeant Augustus G. Lindsay of the Army War College Detachment, won first place over 21 white competitors in the jumping contest. He was awarded a silver loving cup by General Holbrooke.

¶ The colored branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago is conducting 4 glee clubs, 3 efficiency clubs and a baseball league with 9 teams among workers in 11 industrial plants. The organization employs 10 secretaries, 3 of whom give their entire time to industrial work. Mr. George R. Arthur is executive secretary.

¶ At the Olympic athletic meet, Sol Butler pulled a tendon in the broad jump and was forced to retire; R. E. Johnson, running in third position, was stricken with cramps in the fifteenth lap of the 10,000 meter run and was forced to leave the track; H. F. V. Edwards, England's colored sprinter, finished third in the short dashes, running 200 meters in 21 4/5 seconds.

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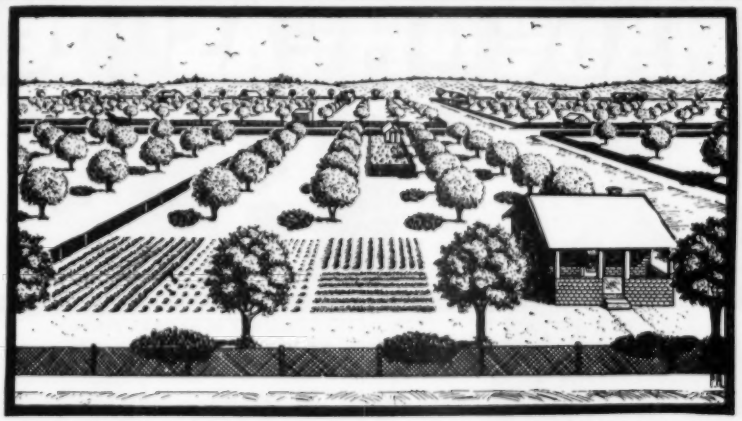

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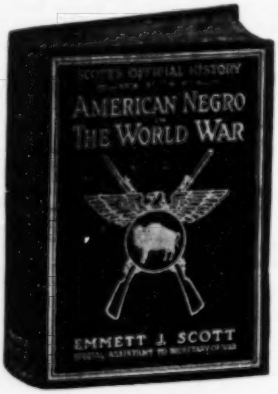

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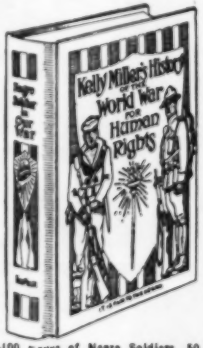

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